you will not throw my work aſide, and haſtily conclude that I am in the wrong, becauſe you did not view the ſubject in the ſame light yourſelf.—And, pardon my frankneſs, but I muſt obſerve, that you treated it in too curſory a manner, contented to conſider it as it had been conſidered formerly, when the rights of man, not to advert to woman, were trampled on as chimerical—I call upon you, therefore, now to weigh what I have advanced reſpecting the rights of woman, and national education—and I call with the firm tone of humanity. For my arguments, Sir, are dictated by a diſintereſted ſpirit—I plead for my ſex—not for myſelf. Independence I have long conſidered as the grand bleſſing of life, the baſis of every virtue—and independence I will ever ſecure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath.

It is then an affection for the whole human race that makes my pen dart rapidly along

along to ſupport what I believe to be the cauſe of virtue: and the ſame motive leads me earneſtly to wiſh to ſee woman placed in a ſtation in which ſhe would advance, inſtead of retarding, the progreſs of thoſe glorious principles that give a ſubſtance to morality. My opinion, indeed, reſpecting the rights and duties of woman, ſeems to flow ſo naturally from theſe ſimple principles, that I think it ſcarcely poſſible, but that ſome of the enlarged minds who formed your admirable conſtitution, will coincide with me.

In France there is undoubtedly a more general diffuſion of knowledge than in any part of the European world, and I attribute it, in a great meaſure, to the ſocial intercourſe which has long ſubſiſted between the ſexes. It is true, I utter my ſentiments with freedom, that in France the very eſſence of ſenſuality has been extracted to regale the voluptuary, and a kind of ſentimental luſt has prevailed, which, to-